



Growing Up

Henry Clark Griswold

To Patsy and Becky

- 1813 Amos Holister from Levi Witherell in May, one and one half acres off the southwest corner of the east half of Lot No. 261.
- 1815 John Chamberlin from Peter Taylor in March, the whole of Lot No. 262 for \$1,200.
- 1816 Amos Holister from Levi Witherell in March, the west half of Lot No. 261, thirty six acres "beginning at the southeast corner of John Chamberlin lot" for \$600.
- Hannah Witherell from Levi Witherell in November, the east half of Lot No. 261, twenty six acres "the same whereon Simeon and Hannah Witherell now live" for \$318.
- 1823 Nathaniel and Nathan Witherell, the two youngest sons of Hannah and Simeon Witherell, from their parents in April, the homestead farm with life lease, care and support for Hannah and Simeon.
- 1843 John Chamberlin from Nathaniel Witherell in March, the east half of Lot No. 261, i.e. the Witherell homestead farm for \$1,000.
- 1848 John A. Chamberlin from John Chamberlin in March, the Chamberlin homestead farm both sides of road for \$2,000.

- 1863 John A. Chamberlin from Asahel Holister (now spelled Hollister), Amos' son, in September, the Hollister farm: the west half of Lot No. 261 for \$2,000.
- 1876 Asahel Chamberlin from John A. and Celinda D. Chamberlin in March, eighty plus acres which included the "Witherell Lot where Nancy Green Chamberlin now lives" for \$4,500.
- 1887 Burlington Savings Bank from Asahel Chamberlin in November, eighty acres mortgaged. Probably when Griswold barn was built.
- 1898 Henry Carlton Griswold from Asahel Chamberlin in March, the same eighty seven acres Asahel acquired from John A. in 1876.
- 1947 Henry Clark and Vida Griswold from Emmett E. Armstrong in January, thirty acres.
- 1950 Carlton Pearl Griswold from Marion Pearl Griswold, widow, in May, eighty seven acres.
- 1952 Henry Clark and Vida Griswold from Carlton P. and Mildred C. Griswold in December, eighty seven acres.

On thinking back, going over this, I'd like it to start by saying, Happy Birthday Henry. Today you were born, July 26, 1913, on Johnson Street in Burlington, Vermont. That's where my grandmother and grandfather Clark lived. My grandmother's name was Nellie Crotto [Croto, Croteau] Clark and my grandfather was John Lawrence Clark. My father's name was Carlton Pearl Griswold and my mother's name was Mildred Katherine Clark Griswold, but my father always called her "Kit."

My most vivid remembrance of Johnson Street was when I was seven or eight years old. Our family had moved to Grand Isle by then but I got sick. They took me to the station with a team of horses in the middle of winter on an ice rack. I don't remember the ride. I remember them bringing a stretcher into the train, I was afraid I was going to slide off the end. They put two seats together in the passenger car and put the stretcher across the back of them. I don't remember getting off the train or going to the hospital but I remember being in the hospital in Burlington, the children's ward. They diagnosed me as having tuberculosis. My grandmother Clark volunteered to take care of me. Each morning, weather permitting, she'd bundle me up in sweaters in a wheel chair and put me out on the boardwalk. At that time there were boardwalks rather than sidewalks. I'd stay out there all day, she'd bring me in to eat and put me back out again. She cured me of TB.

When I was three or four we moved to Converse Court in Burlington. When anybody came to

Burlington from Grand Isle my grandmother Griswold would send along an apple pie on a plate for me. It was the greatest thing in the world. I'd send the dish back and the next time someone would come they'd bring back the same plate with another pie. I still have the dish. I can't describe it to you except that it had a lot of hairline cracks in the glaze and it was stained from the apple juice. It had an aged look to it. If I was to see it among a hundred dishes I could pick it out.

The earliest thing I remember coming to the Islands was my father's touring car. They still had cut-aways on the Whittimore Road back then. All I recall is the car lying on it's side, I don't remember it tipping but just lying on it's side, and people standing in the road looking down at me.

Another of my earliest memories of the Islands is when I used to ride to the Grand Isle Creamery with Jeddie Blow on what they called a "Democrat Wagon." It was a horse-drawn wagon with about a four foot space in the back to carry things like a pick-up truck today. I don't think I'd started at the Samson school yet. He'd tell me the story, the blind man shot the duck, the man without legs walked out to the duck, and the man without any clothes put the duck in his pocket. That was always my favorite story.

My father came to this house in Grand Isle when he was about seven or eight years old. He's told me that this barn out here across the road, that some of the timbers in it were in the barn originally built for this farm which was out here on this knoll north of the house. How much truth there is to it I don't

know, I never found any indication of a foundation or where they'd get the water from. But you'll notice some of the timbers in the barn are notched so that it seems they were used some other place. And in the attic of this house, the hand-hewed rafters are also notched.

The barn across the road was a cow barn, it was built especially for that, for a hay barn and a cow barn. At one end I assume it was a sheep barn because it was all open. Open— I mean just the posts to hold the barn up and there was this big open space. The cow stable was on this end.

Most everyone raised sheep back then. Grandmother never mentioned it so it would have been before her time. What I mean is, 1850 or 1860, along in there. And the farm next door was John Chamberlin's farm and his grandson worked this farm— at one time the Chamberlins owned both these farms— and they had sheep.

John Adams Chamberlin, son of John Chamberlin, was born in the little house standing next to the large Chamberlin/Caswell farmhouse, before the large farmhouse was built. John A. was, of course, instrumental in building the Grand Isle/North Hero bridge. My father said there was a stone wall that ran where the Maple trees are now and they drew all those stones up there to help build the bridge.

I've always heard that this house was the Witherell's. I don't know when the house transferred from Witherell to Chamberlin. John Chamberlin died in 1873 and around that time Asahel, his grandson, took over this house while John A. took over his

father's house.

Asahel built the big barn across the road in 1886 or 1887 probably. Emery Paradee used to tell about the man who built the barn and how he'd run back and forth on the ridge pole. I looked the other day in the barn for the ridge pole and there isn't any ridge pole as I think of a ridge pole. Some barns are built where the rafters meet and they're boarded on each side to hold them in place. That would be the first place you'd nail and someone could walk along it. To a kid ten or eleven years old that vision of a man up there running back and forth is quite the thing to remember.

Asahel was a great man for praying. Emery remembered working here as a boy and he told me how they'd sit down to a meal and Asahel would say grace. He'd talk and talk and talk and talk until it was time to go back to the field and they hadn't eaten yet. Asahel's father, John, noticed the men weren't getting out to the field when they should and he'd come down to the house and tell Asahel to get his praying done so the men could eat and get outside.

My grandfather bought the old Witherell place in 1898. He was manager of the Fay farm where my father was born. My grandfather, Henry Carlton, was born down on the Main Road where Byron Gordon lives. That was his grandfather's farm, James Griswold's farm. Fitch Reed was Henry C.'s father and he was born there too. Fitch Griswold rented land from Fay and I suppose through that his son, who was my grandfather, got the job of manager.

My great, great grandfather, James Griswold, was born in 1779 and he came here in 1799 or some records say, 1800, 1801. And I feel that I knew him. I've always lived here and the family has passed down the history of James and Fitch, so I kind of know them. My grandfather was born in 1855. And I think to myself, they didn't really live too long ago.

There was a farm in between this one and the Chamberlin/Caswell farm. It was owned by a man named Hollister. Mary Chamberlin Reck, George Caswell's mother, used to visit with my grandmother. One day she was sitting in the dining room and we were talking and she told how after the Chamberlin's bought the Hollister farm, and still owning both the Chamberlin homestead and the old Witherell farm, they were getting the Hollister farmhouse ready to be used as a tenant house. They had just plastered and they built a big fire to dry the walls so the hired man and his family could move in. But during the night they had too much fire and burned the house down. Since they had to have a house right off they moved the woodshed which was attached to this house on to that site.

Through the years I've looked for some indication of what Mary told us. One time some hounddogs chased a coon underneath the tenant house, there was no one living there. The dogs pawed away the outside boarding at the base of the house and low and behold it was a false boarding. There was about six or eight inches of space between the false boarding and the foundation. The building was larger than the foundation. They wouldn't have built the

house larger than the foundation so I assumed it had been moved there. And I've looked around this house to find some indication of the woodshed that used to be attached here. Just before you get to the door leading from the front room into the summer kitchen, there's a door frame built into the wall, I've put some shelves there now. I had the doorway covered, I still have the door, it's in the horse barn. I figure when they built the summer kitchen they built it west of where the old woodshed used to sit leaving the door to the old woodshed in an odd spot. It will always be a mystery.

If you look to the north as you go by you'll see a stone pile about half way to the lake. There was a stone wall that ran down through the field this side of the Hollister house. When you get to the lake the tile ditch empties into a ditch down there. There are stones on the east side of the ditch right on the shoulder and you can line it up with the stone pile on the corner of this house. On the shoulder Evidently that was the boundary line between the Hollister farm and the Witherell's.

The cedar fence that's out there now is one that I've built over the years. As the sections of cedar fence around the farm were replaced by barbed wire I took the rails and added to my fence. The fences would rot quicker on wet land so they'd put a stone at each corner to keep the rails off the ground. That was a must. The first fence I took down was down at the lake. Cows would keep breaking them or they'd rot and you'd take rails from one section to fix another but then that first section would be too low.

Finally I had to take the whole fence down. They made their first fences here out of cedar rails because the land was covered with cedar trees. When you go east, over on the mainland, and see stone fences, it's because their land was covered with stones. Cedar is a wood that lasts a long time. Arthur Blow used to be a rail-splitter. The rails were all the same length and you allowed yourself about a foot and a half on each end for crossing. That's a "lazy man's cross" that I've got out there on my fence. That's the way my father built his fence. That was one way he'd do it, the quick way, but it didn't hold cows in damp weather. Another way he'd do it was to drive a stake on either side of the cross and wire the top of it. That was a "cap" type. My father also wired the cross in such a way that involved putting a wire around the top rail so that when you swung the rail around into position it tightened everything up automatically. I call my cross a "lazy man's cross" because you don't do any wiring or any pounding of stakes or any hard labor. The rails brace against themselves.

Right west of the house, across the road, where the corn crib stands now there was a building where they put the hayrack in winter and the harvester. The corn crib used to stand up here on the stone wall. It was half on the stone wall and half sitting on posts so you could back a wagon up underneath it. If you were going to take corn or grain out of it to take to the mill what you had to do was back your wagon and throw it out into your wagon. I moved it out to where it is now after the old red building fell down. I always figured that old building came from the

Hollister farm. There was a place for about two horses and three cows in there and a little hayloft upstairs. It had a barn door big enough to back a little haywagon in.

The henhouse sat across the road, still out there. There were big windows on the south side of the henhouse, 7 x 9 panes and the boarding about this high and then chicken wire up to the ceiling. My grandmother would say we're having chicken for Sunday dinner and she'd go out and find a hen that wasn't laying. She'd look at the vent and if it was dry the hen wasn't going to be laying, she was an old hen. And that's what we'd have for Sunday dinner, an old hen.

The horse barn, of course, is the large building behind the house. It's the second to last attached building past the summer kitchen, the woodshed, the shed that housed the above-ground ice house, where we also kept our pung, which is kind of a box sleigh on runners, and past the carriage shed. The small building on the very end, on the other side of the horse barn, was the hog house. We kept the wagon and the cutter in the front part of the horse barn and at one time that's where we kept my father's Model T. There's a weathervane out on the barn roof— I bought it years ago down in Ferrisburg. I went down to get a machinery part and they had a weathervane and it was a cow with her tail broken off. I always wanted a good weathervane but I didn't know— the money he wanted was something like eight dollars, it was ten dollars without the tail broken but he'd let me have it for eight. Eight dollars was all the money

I had in the world I thought, should I or shouldn't I and I hemmed and hawed and almost missed milking that night just humming and hawing, thinking about it. Finally I said you only live once so you might as well live. I bought the weathervane and brought it home. I always look at it first thing in the morning.

My father used to tell me things to put a little pressure in my blood to make me work all the harder. The first year I was back from the Navy the north side of the horse barn leaked, it was a paper roof. In fact, it was one that I put on before I went into the Navy. I sold some hay and I bought a new tin roof. My father came along and said, "What are you going to do with that?" I told him I was going to cover the north side of the horse barn because it leaks. And he said, "You know, it would take a good man to do that in one day." So I did it in one day.

We cleaned the barn once a day in the morning. We used a square nosed shovel. Some people put it in a pile in the barn, others piled it outside every day. Out here there was a window you could throw it through into a pit outside. You didn't spread it until you plowed your land and could harrow it in.

My father and I were spreading manure one day. I couldn't have been more than nine or ten years old. It was before I went to High School. You had horses and a wagon and you pitched it on and you pitched it off. There's a certain way of pitching manure and spreading it. You have to give your fork a little twist so it doesn't go in one plop. It has to break up and spread out. I'd learned the trick of

spreading manure by hand. He stopped and leaned on his fork and said, "I imagine this place will go for it's taxes one of these days." Then we went on spreading manure. I didn't ask him why he said that. I didn't understand about taxes or that they even payed taxes. A few years after that I was talking to a neighbor and he looked out across our farm and said, "I'm going to own this farm one of these days." Those two things have always stuck in my mind. When I went into the Navy I'd get letters from home and I could see the farm was right on the verge of going. My father's heart wasn't in farming. I wasn't any better farmer than my father was but when I got out of the Navy I had to make a choice. Should I stay or should I go home and save the farm. I decided to come home. They aren't going to take the farm for taxes and anyone who says he's going to own this farm one of these day, isn't going to own it.

We had twelve cows. That was the average. Most farmers had twelve cows. My father planted the fields and milked the cows. Neither one of us liked to get up in the morning. He got up after I did. I'd still be in bed when my father thought I was out milking. The milk truck would come to pick up the milk. You only had a half a can or something, fifteen, twenty pounds sometimes. Edson Cross drove the milk truck and he'd yell, "Carlton! Where the hell is your milk this morning?!! Well, my father was mad.

Byron Hoag and Keith Gordon were going ice fishing one morning and they drove by here around seven in the morning. It had snowed the night before and there was fresh snow on the ground. Byron said,

"My heavens, Henry hasn't even gone to the barn yet!" So I said to myself, "I'll fix that." When I'd go to the barn and it was fresh snow I'd walk backwards so people would think I had my chores all done and had gone back to the house.

I always liked working in the barn. It was a peaceful place in wintertime. No one else would ever do things the way I did. Most people will hurry-up and get things done but I took my time. I used to grain cows individually. They had a grain cart made for me but I never used it. I liked thinking in between while I walked back to the grain bin to get another scoop to grain the next cow. No one else would ever do such a damn thing as that.

People used to drive by here at eleven o'clock at night and see the lights on in the barn. I'd see them a few days later and they'd say, "Gee, what time did you get out of the barn the other night? We went by at eleven and the lights were all on." Well, that's when I'd like to work. It was cool, it was quiet. I was never a farmer you'd want to write a book about but that was my method and they've never taken the farm for it's taxes and nobody's bought it yet and I'm pleased about that.

I didn't get a tractor until 1952 I guess. Oh, that was a great day when I got that little tractor and got rid of my horses. And now I feel bad. I never realized how human they were. We had four horses. We kept a pair, Named Mike and Bill, for heavy work, and then there was Mollie and Daisy. Old Bill was a Blackhawk Morgan— wasn't a tall horse but very chunky. He was like a nice housecat. One time

I was raising calves in the horse barn and a calf got loose during the night. She laid down under old Bill. The calf was there in the morning when I went out. Bill had stood straddle legged over that calf all night long. Bill died when he was thirty-five years old. Same age I was. His teeth were gone. I had to grind all his grain up. Old Mollie was my grandmother's buggy horse. Mollie was smart as a whip. When she was out in the pasture and you'd come to get her to put her on the hayrake, she'd pretend to be sick. She'd lie down on her side and stretch out her legs and gasp. My grandmother would say, "You can't use Mollie today, she has something wrong." As soon as Mollie saw you were out of the pasture she'd get up and run to the lake. She was an old, old horse when she died.

Now this one you aren't going to believe. They used to fence the horse manure pile so the pigs could get into it and eat the grain. Horses don't have the acids in their stomach to dissolve grain like a cow does. The old hog house out back is attached to the horse barn. It was before my time but there is a trap door about two and a half, three foot high. I remember asking once what that door was for. They said it was there to let the hogs out to go into the horse manure pile to eat the grain out of it.

They had a cider barrel outside with the head knocked out and all your table scraps or food scraps of any kind would go into it along with your dish water. You'd use lye soap to wash the dishes. A pig needs lye mixed with his food. The lye killed the worms in the food. Of course, you had to be careful

how much lye you added to pig food. But I remember my grandmother telling me that when you mixed up pig grain you used the water out of the swill barrel to mix the food.

One of the earliest things I can remember was our hired man, Charlie Holmes, Jessie Parrot's father. I saw him going out of the yard with his hands in front of his face. I thought he was playing a mouth organ only there wasn't any music. I ran up ahead of him to look and see what he was doing. He was eating an ear of corn raw. He came to this country from Norway.

We also had a hired man by the name of Jim Mossey. He got shot in the legs in WWI. He was part Indian. There was Willie Blow when he was a young boy. And there was Albert Cootware. I told you the story about Albert. He was running the farm on halves. At the end of each month they'd settle up and pay the bills from the proceeds of cream. They sent cream in those days or whole milk. Then they'd separate and make it into cheese or butter and you brought the skim milk back and fed it to the hogs.

My father "C.P." graduated from Burlington High School in 1908. He went to Burlington Business College and graduated from there. Then he went to Proctor Marble Works and worked as a draftsman. My first remembrance of him was when he was working at the Burlington Light and Power Company as a bookkeeper. Then he worked for the Burlington Savings Bank as a teller. He was a Fish and Game Warden up in the Northeast Kingdom for a number of years.

I can remember my father telling about when he took his third degree in the Masonic Lodge. His father was Master. The lodge was the old stone Tannery that's in South Hero. It was along in January or first part of February— 18, 20 below zero that night, no snow on the ground. His mother was an Eastern Star and one of the charter members of Island Chapter #73.

I'm a Republican as was my father and my grandfather and my grandmother. They were all Republicans clear back to Lincoln when the Republican Party first started. I was a Selectman from 1955 to 1961. My grandfather Griswold was Town Treasurer for a time before WWI. My grandmother was a very quiet person, you never heard her sound off about politics, she didn't discuss it with you. The only time she did say something was when she wouldn't vote for Dewey because he had a moustache. She said a man who wears a moustache is trying to hide something. I never knew what she meant by that. But if she couldn't vote for the Republican who was running she wouldn't vote at all. My father was Representative to the Vermont Legislature in 1939 and 1943, he was also a Lister for six or seven years here in town in the 1930's and 40's.

My grandmother Griswold was a very religious person, she attended the Methodist Church regularly. I never heard her quoting the Bible or anything like that but she believed in honesty and all those sort of things. My father went to church. Once in awhile he'd mention about somebody in church wearing a

stove pipe hat. You never heard my father use a swear word. When I went into the Navy he told me, "Go to church. I don't care what church, but go to some church, it'll do you good."

My father was a great one for writing things on a beam. I've got a barn door out here, the roll-door, he'd write on. He wrote when the new dollar bill came out. The old dollar bill was very big then along in 1928 or 1929 they came out with a smaller size dollar bill. He wrote when he had his teeth out, when he got his new teeth. When he planted potatoes, the day he planted, what kind of a day it was. It was a perfect day in June. Temperature was 78 degrees, sky was clear, wind was in the south. He put down the day they scraped the Main Road with a team of horses. Every once in a while I'll stop and read.

I remember my father was in the service, stationed at Fort Ethan Allen. My brother Jack wasn't born yet, he was born in 1921. My sister was born in 1917. One night I was in bed and I heard some talking in the kitchen. I went out and looked in the kitchen and my father was kissing my mother. She was sitting on the kitchen table. My father reached in his pocket and said, "Here's a stick of gum, get back into bed."

My father was never much of a talker. Never said much about things. One thing I remember was when I was in the second or third grade, walking down the road when I got home from school. He said, "You know, you walk just like your grandfather." I always thought that was quite a thing. I never knew my

grandfather. He died in August, a month after I was born, of a ruptured ulcer. He had funeral that started from the house here and went all the way to cemetery. People gathered behind the hearse, some walked, some drove wagons. He was well thought of.

After my grandfather died my grandmother had to hire people to run the farm here. My father was an only child. He left an awful good job in Burlington, worked in the Burlington Savings Bank at the time, and he came home, with his wife and children, to help his mother run the farm.

My mother was a city girl from Burlington, never lived in the country. Must have been a hard life for her to move out here to the Islands. It must have been an ordeal to have to cook on a wood stove, in the city they had gas. We never had a woodlot on this farm. Always had to have it cut somewhere else. The woodshed held just exactly nine cords if it was packed solid. If you can imagine what it used to be like when the cook stove sat here and it was 95 degrees and they didn't have electric fans. They wore enough damn clothes to make a sail on a twelve foot boat. And they'd work over that stove. Had to have meals the same hour every single day, breakfast, dinner and supper. Always the same hour. Then my mother and grandmother cleaned up the dishes and the table, and made the beds. Of course, Monday was wash day for clothes. Only Monday. Then it was time to get dinner ready. They might get a little break in the middle of the afternoon between dinner and supper to sit down and mend socks. A great deal of time was spent mending.

When we were kids our father would get up in the morning and start a wood fire. Most always it was out, he'd always put a big chunk on at night. A Maple chunk was good, Beech was great for warmth, Elm was the best. It was a big job cutting an Elm block off to put in the stove at night and it had to be dry. It was usually an old Slippery Elm. The chunk would last all night so we'd have some coals in the morning. My father could rake them over and put some cedar on them and get a fire going. I hated getting up, the bed was nice and warm and then I'd smell the cedar. You could hear the crackling. After the cedar got going you added split wood and then heavier wood. When the room started to get warm father would go over to the stove pipe and hit on it with a stick and say, "Time to get going!" It happened every morning.

My grandmother, Marion Pearl Griswold, was born in North Bangor, New York. The rest of the children in the family were born over in the center of the island— well, it was the Ross Pearl place, that was her nephew. She had three sisters and one brother— there was Clara, Ellen, Anna and Uncle Warren Pearl. No one seems to know how they came to live in North Bangor, New York. But anyway, I remember my grandmother telling of their coming across the ice. When they moved from North Bangor they came across the ice to Grand Isle.

When my grandmother and grandfather bought this place it didn't look quite the same as it does now, according to what my father told me. My father always said the sink and pantry used to be in the

back half of the front room. Just below it, in the cellar their's a piece of clay pipe, a drainpipe that goes through the cellar wall. When my brother was mortaring the foundation stones, he took the cover off the pipe and said it smelled of sewage. Its never been used in my lifetime but I always figured there used to be a cesspool out here and that's why the Maple trees grow so well. This is all speculation.

The house has a slate roof. I don't know who was the first to decide on a slate roof or where the slate came from. The slate on the old shed out here came from Savage Island. Savage Island slate is porous, soaks up quite a bit of moisture. If it turns cold before the water evaporates, the slate splits. The foundation of the house is regular old mortar and fieldstone, just like everyone else's. The windows looked different, they had seven by nine panes. No storm windows.

The outhouse here I always thought was the best outhouse in Grand Isle. You didn't go outdoors. You walked out through the woodshed out here and you went out through the old store room, and the outhouse was right there. Most outhouses were built away from the house, they didn't believe it should be under the same roof as the kitchen for instance. It seems a peculiar thing to have the milkroom so close to the outhouse but I think the outhouse might have been built later, when the milkroom wasn't used anymore. But when you think of twenty below zero weather, the wind howling, the house is cold to begin with, and you had to go out all that way through the snow.

My grandmother always sold vinegar here. We had a big orchard both sides of the road. She'd press out seven or eight barrels and she'd have them all marked and in various stages of turning. Some of them were sweet, some hard and some were vinegar. She'd have her chalk and she'd mark on the front of the barrel the year and everything. It took a couple of years for it to turn and when she'd have a barrel of good vinegar then people would come and buy it.

What happened one time, two men came here by the name of Vondle, Dave and John Vondle. They bought some hay from my father and they were out there in the barn loading and they said, "Henry, how about going and getting us a little hard cider." I told them I wasn't supposed to. They gave me a dime and kept urging. So I went down in the cellar and drew off a quart then they sent me back to draw off another quart. When I was done I'd drawn off about a gallon. I decided to replace the cider in the barrel with water. Well, of course, that spoiled my grandmother's vinegar. I remember her going down to test the barrel to see if it had turned, if it was strong enough. She tasted of it and said something had happened to that barrel. She never could figure out why that barrel didn't turn out the way it should. I never told her.

Once I tried putting a barrel of cider down the cellar alone. I got in front of it, tried rolling it down the plank. I got half way down and I couldn't hold it. All I could do was jump to one side. And down it went through the cellar and hit the wall. Luckily it didn't break.

That reminds me of the story about my grandmother falling in the cistern. Of course we kept all the cider barrels down in the cellar and Jim Mossey, our hired man, liked my grandmother's hard cider. One day he believed everybody had gone so he thought he might sneak into the house and get some. He put a ladder up to the window at the head of the stairs, opened the window and came in.

In the meantime, my grandmother had gone down to the cellar when she was home alone to thaw the pipe out with a boiling tea kettle. The frozen waterpipe was over the cistern going to the pump in the pantry. They had put a plank across the top of the cistern and you could reach the pipe by crawling out onto the plank. My grandmother crawled out onto the plank with her teakettle and the plank broke and dropped her into the cistern.

Jim, who shouldn't have been in the cellar in the first place, heard her yelling, found her in the cistern, and saved her.

I remember my grandmother telling me about when they would dry apples in the wintertime, she and her sisters and her brother Warren, and in the spring of the year they'd take a horse and go to Burlington or someplace and sell their dried apples by the barrel. So one day, she was 90, I remember seeing this flour bag in the attic hanging from a rafter and I asked her what was in it and she said they're dried apples. They'd been hanging there for years and years and years. And she said, "I'll make you a pie." And she did and you couldn't tell it from a fresh apple pie, those dried apples. Each girl had a

job. One girl had a job peeling. Now these girls are 9, 10, 11, 12 years old. One girl peeled, the other one sliced, the other one cored and the other one strung them. It was Uncle Warren's job to take them down cellar or upstairs or wherever they put them. No doubt it was upstairs because if you put a dried apple in the cellar and there's any moisture, it would absorb the moisture— it must have been they put them upstairs on the apple drying rack. If they didn't have enough apples of their own they would go out to different farms where they'd see apples left on the tree and if the apples hadn't frozen yet they'd ask the farmer if he was going to use them or if they could have them. Well up here on the corner of the road— I don't know if that apple tree, there's one standing there, I don't know that's the one or not, no doubt it isn't but I always think of it every time I see it, it's a lone apple tree. And Uncle Warren stopped and asked the man if he was going to use the apples. No, he said he wasn't. Warren wanted to know if he could have some. The old fellow thought a minute and he said, "Well, you can have all the apples you can get with one shake." So Warren went up the tree and shook it once and that was what apples he got.

My brother Jack and I would get in the damndest fights. We had the hay all cocked up, loose hay to bring to the barn. We'd get into an argument over who was going to pitch and who was going to load. By God, it was his day to load. No I said, you've forgotten, it's my day to load. It depended on the type of hay. If it was timothy hay and had gotten wet then nobody wanted to load— or

pitch either. If it was nice fresh clover that stayed together like a wig, everybody wanted to do the pitching and nobody wanted to load.

One time a delivery truck went by and it was from the Burlington Supply Grocery or something—they'd go to Alburg and make their delivery to all the stores along the way. My brother and I were living with my grandmother then and we saw the truck coming down the road. We heard a thump out front and after he truck went by we went out and there was a whole mess of stuff strewn on the lawn. There were bags of flour broken, cans of tomatoes. We got a wheelbarrow and picked it all up. In the pile of stuff we found two cans of malt. Well, by gosh, people use malt to make home brew and this is a good time to make some, we thought. We threw the two cans into the brush and brought everything else back onto the lawn and later that afternoon the truck driver came back and loaded everything in. We got a recipe for home brew from some old fellow and we made it up in the old woodshed chamber up here above the kitchen. And of course there was old mattresses and everything that you throw out in the woodshed chamber. We got a crock and we got sugar and we put the malt in and we got everything ready and covered it all around with furniture and stuff so nobody would know—it was only my grandmother in the house, but. And it was hot, oh I remember it was hot. Grandmother always set the table in the summer kitchen at night for breakfast— everything was all ready when you came in. And so we came in from chores and grandmother was standing by the table

and she said, "Boys." You could always tell when there was something up, that it wasn't good hot cereal that she was going to talk about. And she said, "Do you have any idea what this dripping is from the ceiling?" It was dripping right down onto the middle of the kitchen table. And I looked at Jack and I said, "The roof must have leaked." Gram said, "It hasn't rained in two weeks!" I said, "The old dog sleeps up there and he's old, his kidneys are bad." She went over and put her finger in it and took a whiff, "It isn't the old dog!" It was the damn home brew that had frothed over.

One time my sister, Mary Elizabeth, was going to the barn. She must have been about twelve because she was four years younger than I. I was bothering her and throwing pebbles at her and she turned around and she had this milk pail and she bammed me right between the eyes with that milk pail. Well I still have the scar— that's why I always had this widow's peak here, everybody thought it was so cute that I had this. Well, she bammed me with the brim of the milk pail, hit my forehead and split it wide open. And Jim Mossey said that's all right, he said you wait a minute and I'll fix that up. So he went to the barn and got a handful of cobwebs and he plastered them on and that was that.

Mary lived in Alaska with her husband Roger, who was an FAA inspector. When she died her ashes were flown here and Roger and Jack and I went out into the field here and spread them, out there on the knoll, about 500 feet northwest of the house. And then when Roger died his ashes were flown here and

this time all the boys came and we all walked out into the field, to the same spot my sister's ashes were spread, and we spread his.

When my wife Vida (Collins) and I were married we came here to take over the farm, my grandmother was an old lady then and someone had to take care of her and so we decided that's what we'd do and we did. Vida was a great deal of help to me because she came from off a farm in North Hero. She could do anything a man could do. When going was tough she could pitch in and that's the way we went. We never went in for machinery much, we'd buy something second-hand and get by with it. We were never in debt very much. I remember it was about the time of installment payments at Sears Roebuck where you could buy something for a few dollars down and a few dollars a month. First thing we bought was a sewing machine. We brought it home and set it up— my wife does a lot of sewing, she makes all kinds of things. Grandmother complained, "What's the matter with my old treadle?" I said, "Vida wanted a more modern. . ." "Well," she answered, "that treadle works perfectly well, there's no sense putting money into a new one. How much did you have to pay for it?" "We bought it on time," I told her. Whoa! Bought it on time?! What a horrible thing that was to buy something on time. Vida and grandmother were looking sideways at each other for three or four days and finally things simmered down and went back to normal. After we got the sewing machine paid for we decided by gosh we were going to have an icebox. Well, you had to

put up ice every winter in the icehouse— it sat out there, it's long gone now, there's just a hole about six feet deep in the ground there now. When kids ask what's that hole for I say well, we used to have a pit out there so that when we were raided by the Indians we could duck into it. So anyway, Vida and I bought an icebox. Told grandmother we bought an electric icebox, going to be the most wonderful thing that was ever in the house. "Did you pay for it?" "No, it isn't payed for, time installments." There was quite a set-to. "You aren't bringing it in the house. That is that!!! The lake freezes over every winter, you've got that icehouse out there and the sawdust in there. You can go down and cut ice and put it in the icehouse like they've been doing for years and not have to have that thing in here that you haven't paid for!" I called my father in Barre and I said gram said we can't bring the refrigerator in the house, what am I going to do? He asked, "When's it coming?" I told him Thursday. He said he'd be here to take her for a ride Thursday morning to get her out of the house. So they came and delivered the refrigerator and put it in the pantry. I cut some shelves out so it would slip right in. Grandmother went into the pantry for something. . . saw that damned icebox. She said, "What's this?" I said, "Well, let's see, a refrigerator." "Humpf!" And I said, "milk won't sour and things will keep." "Humpf, humpf!" She was a little bit of a woman, she didn't weigh 90 lbs. She wouldn't go near the icebox, wouldn't open the door, wouldn't do anything. Then one day we went away for something and came back and she had put some jams

and jellies in. She always kept her jellies at the head of the stairs in a cupboard. By God, it wasn't long I noticed she had three, four quarts of pickles in the icebox from down cellar. Pretty soon another shelf she had stuff on. First damn thing I knew all of gram's stuff is in the refrigerator, we couldn't get anything in.

My grandmother died in this house. She always slept upstairs, her bedroom was in the northeast corner of the house. She would not sleep any other place and she insisted on going up and down the stairs. Becky and Patsy would help her in the mornings. She fell and broke her hip one day, she was in her nineties. She went to the hospital and then she came home. The night she died my father was sleeping in the bedroom across the hall from her. I can remember her calling out during the night, "Carlton!" And that was the end.

I remember after my grandmother died I had to mortgage the farm to pay doctor bills and one thing or another so I went to borrow some money from Production Credit— it was a good outfit, they were a farmer's outfit. I went to see Ray Lawrence and said Ray, I got to build a new barn. Yup, he says, you got to carry 25 cows. And I said WHAT??? He said yup, you can't live on 12 cows any longer, that day is gone. And sure enough. . .

I've always lived here except the years I was in the Navy. And my brother Jack would say, "Why don't you sell it?" And I'd say, "I like it here."

James Griswold was born 14 April 1779 at Franklin or Norwich, Connecticut. He came to Grand Isle ca. 1801. On 16 March 1809, he married Lois Hyde, born 9 April 1787 at Pawlet, Vermont. Lois was the daughter of Elijah and Elizabeth (Edgerton) Hyde. At the time of the Battle of Plattsburgh, 11 September 1814, James Griswold was Captain of a company of Vt. State Militia in Grand Isle. Also in 1814, he was on the committee in charge of locating a site for the Block schoolhouse in District No. 4. By the 1830's, James was a Trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Society and was master carpenter for the Methodist Episcopal Church building. He died 23 September 1857, aged 78. His wife, Lois, died 5 October 1873, aged 86 years. They had eight children, Adolphus D., Carpenter Moss, Asahel, Asaph S., David Edgerton, Edgar Beaumont, Fitch Reed, and Mary Elizabeth.

Fitch Reed Griswold was born 28 February 1820 at Grand Isle, Vermont. On 16 March 1843, he married Mary Griffith, born 6 June 1821. Mary was the daughter of Seth and Joanna (Hoag) Griffith. Fitch died 21 October 1894, aged 74 years. His wife, Mary, died 24 November 1911, aged 90 years. They had three children, Sarah Gertrude, Henrietta, and Henry Carlton.

Henry Carlton Griswold was born 7 October 1855 at Grand Isle, Vermont. On 31 December 1881, he married Marion Ward Pearl, born 29 August 1860 at Bangor, Franklin Co., New York. Marion was the daughter of Alexander Pearl and Rebecca (Delano) Pearl. Henry died 31 August 1913, aged 58 years. His wife, Marion died in December of 1952, aged 92 years. They had one child, Carlton Pearl.

Carlton Pearl Griswold was born 9 January 1889 at Grand Isle, Vermont. He married Mildred Katherine Clark, born 5 March 1894 at Burlington, Vermont. Katherine was the daughter of John Lawrence and Nellie (Crotto) Clark. "C.P." died 22 July 1976, aged 87 years. His wife, "Kit," died 26 June 1974, aged 80 years. They had three children, Henry Clark, Mary Elizabeth, and John Earl ("Jack").

Henry Clark Griswold was born 26 July 1913 at Burlington, Vermont. On 18 May 1940, he married Vida Collins, born 21 September 1919 at North Hero, Vermont. Vida is the daughter of James and Elizabeth (Poquette) Collins. They have three children, Patricia, Steven Henry (deceased), and Rebecca.

